

R A M B L E II.



I AM pleased, my dear children, with what you repeated yesterday at dinner time, concerning the sheep, the lambs, and the produce of the meadows we had before been viewing. From the undoubted proof you have given me of your attention, I shall the more cheerfully attend you in this and our succeeding rambles.

Bless

Bless me, what a noble, stately, spreading oak is this before us! It looks like an emperor surrounded by his vassals. But in what a different light must we view it! An emperor is a temporal prince, liable by the storms of fortune to be levelled in a moment to his parent earth; and even should he reign uninterrupted for a long train of years, yet how short will his life be when compared to the life of this majestic oak! This oak is probably more than an hundred years old, and, though it must have received the shocks of many horrible storms and tempests, and the furious blasts of many a winter, yet no part of it seems to have been hurt even by time itself.

You felt, my dear children, how hot the sun was before we got under this tree; but you now see what a noble umbrella it affords us, since the sun cannot penetrate a single ray through its thick interwoven boughs. When we shall be

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gone,